

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON, Editor and Proprietor

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The Model Brakeman.

The cars stop between stations, and before the passengers are really cognizant of the fact the brakeman enters and says: "Ladies and gentlemen, as you may have noticed, we have stopped at an unusual place on the road. You are, of course, all curious to know the reason of this. The train which preceded us has broken through a bridge just ahead of us, and not to mention the large number of killed and wounded, it is right that I should inform you that another train is due here, and may at any moment run into us. I merely mention this in passing. What I wished particularly to say is this: If you remain in the cars, and are not killed by the expectant train, you will be delayed for an hour, perhaps much longer. Therefore, I advise you to disembark as fast as possible. It is only a short five minutes' walk to the N. Z. and W. road, and by the time you get there a train will be due which will take you to your destination, and as they make better time and surer connection upon that line you will in the end gain in time by your apparent delay. If any passengers wish to ask any questions I shall be very happy to answer them. If not, I bid you bon voyage, and trust that you may all get out before the train, whose whistle I now hear, shall remove any of you to an unknown but better land."—[Boston Transcript.]

A clerk in a United States pension office said that it was his rule to believe every person who came in was a liar. "Hard!" he exclaimed. "You wouldn't think so if you had our experience. Perjury is nothing to what people will do to get pensions that don't belong to them. You wouldn't suppose that a great many women, for the sake of \$8 a month, would turn their marriage into adultery—illegalize their marital relations and their children. Well, I'd be willing to bet that there were 10,000 such cases. It happens in this way: A pension to a soldier's widow ceases whenever she remarries. But of course the law takes no notice of any irregular relations which she may enter into. So, if she is willing to be without any ceremony and thus really fail to become the lawful wife of her new consort, she can continue to draw her pension money. Periodically she must come to this or some other pension office and make oath that she is not a wife. I have frequently known her to bring along her children when she makes this shameful avowal. Astonishing, isn't it?"

Preaching of the occupation of the Saints in heaven, Mr. Spurgeon says: "One glance from the eye of Christ is glory enough for any one of us. This is not all; the children of God will have the glory of reflecting the glory of God. I believe that you and I in heaven will spend much time in pointing out the disposition of the saints. We shall be made into mirrors reflecting God's glory to unknown beings, and there may be myriads of races, of whom we have never heard. When they come, then they will hunt up a saint, and take one home, and say, 'Comend tell us what God has done for you.' What stories they will tell! * * * Oh, brothers and sisters, this shall be our glory. God shall shine through us to the astonishment of all."

Ex-Senator Bruce, a colored man, now Register of the Treasury, prefers the term negroes when applied to his race, rather than colored people. He says that Chinese, Japanese, Malays and Hindoos are all colored people, and hence the term "colored people" is not distinctive of particular race, and that the name negro is the proper one to apply to his race.

A person who edits a country newspaper has to do a great deal of thinking—he can not possibly avoid it. Sometimes he thinks of one thing and then he thinks of another, and sometimes when he thinks of one thing it makes him think of some other.—[Newark Courier.]

Tilden is only a year older than Bismarck, but he is five years younger than Gladstone and seven years younger than Lord Beaconsfield when he died.

Antiquity of Nursery Rhymes.

Many of these productions have a curious history. Some of them probably owe their origin to names distinguished in our literature; as Oliver Goldsmith, for instance, is believed in his earlier days to have written such compositions. Dr. E. F. Kimball gives us the following particulars as to some well known favorites: "Sing a Song of Sixpence" is as old as the sixteenth century. "Three Blind Mice" is found in a music book dated 1609. "The Frog and the Mouse" was licensed in 1580. "Three Children Sliding on the Ice" dated from 1639. "London Bridge is Broken Down" is of unfathomed antiquity. "Girls and Boys Come Out to Play" is certainly as old as the reign of Charles II, as is also "Lucy Lock et Lost Her Pocket" to the tune of which the American song of "Yankee Doodle" was written. "Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, Where Have You Been" is of the age of Queen Bess. "Little Jack Horner" is older than the seventeenth century. "The Old Woman Tossed in a Blanket" is of the reign of James II, to which monarch it is supposed to allude.—[Globe-Democrat.]

A gentleman entered the compartment of an English railway coach in which already were five men, and seeing a parcel of thin paper on the seat he picked it up. Looking at it and then at his companions, he asked if a gentleman had lost a bundle of papers. Each man said "no," so he handed the bundle to the station master, saying:

"As they seem to be bank notes, I had better leave them with you."

The men agreed that he had done right, but after a time, one began to feel in his pockets, and, with many imprecations on his stupidity, announced that he had lost a bundle of notes received that day at market. A discussion ensued as to what was to be done, and it was agreed that the best thing was for the owner to get out at the next station, take a hack and go back as hard as he could.

As the victim hurried off, the gentleman laughed a quiet laugh and said: "I thought there would be one rogue out of six men. It was a bundle of play bills!"

PHOTOGRAPHS AND TELEPHONES.—Even in the benighted age in which Galvani lived, it had been discovered that frog's legs were good to eat. He had a pair of them hanging on a copper hook, and occasionally the wind would blow them against an iron railing and they would jerk convulsively whenever contact was established. Galvani noticed it and set his wits to work to find out the cause. Everybody knows the history, although it is a long one, and every body knows that from that simple occurrence, and through the defunct frog's instrumentality we have the telegraph monopoly, the telephone with the wires crossed half the time and the other half something the matter with the transmitter, the electric light which don't burn on cloudy nights and many other blessings of life. The world owes all these things to the simple fact that frog's hind legs are good to eat.—[Cleveland Leader.]

DANIEL WEBSTER ON DANCING.—When a fellow who cannot dance goes to German, he looks at the happy young man with his hair parted in the middle, gets envious and tells this tale about Daniel Webster: Mr. W. was once at a ball and a lady de dah young man came up to him and asked him to dance. "Please excuse me," said Mr. Webster, politely, and the young man went away, but came back in a few minutes and said: "I must insist on you dancing, Mr. Webster." "I thank you," said Mr. W., "but I am compelled to decline." "Why won't you dance, Mr. Webster?" insisted the young man. "Well, if you must know," said Mr. Webster, "I never had the capacity to learn how." The young man went away wiser but sadder.

An amusing story is told about the ordination of a young English clergyman whose name was Salter. Nature had gifted him with hair which was the reddish of the red. Feeling that in the solemn ceremony of his ordination this red hair might be the cause of irreverent mirth, especially as the ritual prescribes that the Bishop should touch it, he determined to dye it black for the occasion, which he did. The Bishop afterward expostulated with the hapless Salter, and alleged against him the authority of the rubric in the prayer book, which says: "The psalter must be read in the churches."

The Bonts the Gnats Build.

Did you ever hear about the wonderful bonts the gnats build? They lay eggs in the water and the eggs float until it is time for them to hatch. You can see these little egg rafts on almost any pool in summer. The eggs are so heavy that one alone would sink. The cunning mother fastens them all together until they form a hollow boat. It will not upset even if filled with water. The upper end of these eggs is pointed and looks very much like a powder flask. One egg is glued to another, pointed end up until the boat is finished. And how many eggs do you think it takes? From 250 to 300. When the young are hatched they always come from the under side, leaving the empty boat afloat. These eggs are very, very small. First they are white, then green, then a dark gray. They swim just like little fishes and hatch in two days. Then they change again to a kind of sheath. In another week this sheath bursts open and lets out a winged mosquito. It is all ready for work. There are so many of them born in summer that were it not for the birds and large insects we would be "eaten up alive."—[Our Little Ones.]

Few men in this country are better known than Hon. J. Proctor Knott, recently nominated for Governor of Kentucky. The following incident was related to us some years ago and the words seem prophetic. At the time of his marriage he was in moderate circumstances, but won the heart and hand of a highly accomplished lady. A short time prior to the marriage, a lady friend of his affianced said, jokingly: "If I were you I would not think of marrying a man who would not some day go to the Legislature, to Congress and be elected Governor of the State." She replied with emphasis, "Mr. Knott will go to the Legislature." To the intimation that there was not much honor in that, she again replied, "And Mr. Knott will go to Congress, too." After further remarks by her friend, with increased emphasis she said, "Mr. Knott will be Governor of the State." At the time the above incident was related to us Mr. Knott was a member of Congress.—[Central Methodist.]

General Longstreet says the negroes of Georgia maintain an outward semblance of adherence to the republican organization for the sake of getting a Federal office or two, but on election day they vote the democratic ticket. There is a colored voting population in Georgia of about 65,000. The total number of republican votes cast in last election was about 25,000, of which about one half were polled by white voters. That shows that least 50,000 of the Georgia colored citizens have cut loose from the party of the freedmen's bureau and similar institutions, which were supposed to have been founded in their interests. It would be pleasant to see the organs of the coalition tackle these figures and show that those 50,000 colored Georgians voted with the democrats from compulsion.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.—The greatest flood has the soonest ebb; the sorest tempest the most sudden calm; the hottest love the coldest end; and from the deepest desire oftentimes ensues the deadliest hate. A wise man had rather be envied for providence than pitied for prodigality. Revenge basketh only at the stars, and spite spurts at that she can not reach. An envious man waxeth lean with the fatness of his neighbors. Envy is the daughter of pride, the mother of murder and revenge, the beginner of secret sedition and the perpetual torment of virtue. Envy is the filthy sediment of the soul; a venom, a poison or quicksilver which consumeth the flesh, and drieth up the marrow of the bones.

The Richmond, Va., Religious Herold heard Brother Holmes, of Savannah, Ga., tell a good joke on a Richmond hotel man. He said that when Dr. Price, of Wales, was attending our June meeting, some years ago, he stopped at Ford's hotel, and when he asked for the bill Ford said: "We knock off half the price as you are a minister." Dr. Price thanked him and asked: "What do you take off for editors?" "One half for editors, too," was the prompt reply. "Well," continued the doctor, "I am editor as well as preacher; so I am entitled to two halves, and thus my account is settled." The hotel man laughed and let it go.

All diseases resulting from self-abuse, as nervous debility, mental anxiety, depression of spirit and functional derangement of nervous system, cured by German Sanguinaria. See advertisement. For sale by Penny & McAllister.

How Telegraphers Recognize Each Other.

"But can you tell all the operators on the line by their method of making a single letter?" "No, not always by a single letter, but there are very few men on my wire that I can not tell before they have written a dozen words. Just as one learns another's penmanship. We have to get accustomed to all the different styles. Some operators start off with a hop skip-and-jump gait and keep it up all the way through a message of one hundred words. Another will send slowly and steadily and should we have five thousand words to transmit he will not change his pace. Then there are fellows who will rush in a message of six or eight words, sign and close their key before anything short of an expert has time to get down the date. By that way we are able to distinguish between them."—[Cleveland Herald.]

NO OCCASION TO WEEP.—"Vydid you weep so much in dot Synagogue, last Saturday?" asked Moses Schamburg, the Austin Avenue merchant prince, of Simon Wolf, another Austin Avenue prince. Simon explained that when the rabbi preached so touchingly on the text "Dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return," that he could not control his emotions.

"You was a tam fool, Simon," retorted Moses, impatiently. "There was no occasion to weep so much. If you was made of gold and had to return to dust den you might weep, for den you was hundred per shent, but ven you was made of dust and returns to dot dust, den you makes noddings and you loses noddings, so dere was no occasion to weep so much."—[Times Democrat.]

When nitrate of silver is used as a medicine for a length of time, the skin becomes of a peculiar bluish or slate color. Many remember the familiar face of the blue man who formerly lived in Washington, and whose face had assumed this singular hue. There is also a "blue man of Missouri," whose skin is discolored in the same manner and from the same cause. When about fifteen, he took five drops of a solution of nitrate of silver, containing twenty grains to the ounce, and continued this for five or six months. At the end of that time he observed that his face and hands were becoming dark. This color has become permanent, and hence his sobriquet. Nitrate of silver is sometimes used as a remedy in epilepsy.

A good old Methodist parson in Illinois attempted to plow a little the other day, his hired man having failed to appear. He worked away for a while, geeing and hawing, with good heart but at last he threw himself under a tree, and, as he wiped the perspiration from his glowing face, gave utterance to the following soliloquy: "About the only true way of testing the religious qualities of a preacher is to let him plow half a day with a yoke of oxen. If he don't commence to sweat at them in less than fifteen or twenty minutes his 'solidity' with the promised land is to be envied."

The New York Graphic says it was a woman who stumbled and fell that caused the first fatal block at the Brooklyn Theatre fire in 1876; it was a woman who stumbled and fell that caused the block at the fatal panic in the Sixteenth Street Catholic church a few years ago, and it was a stumbling woman, so far as it can be known, that started the panic on the Brooklyn Bridge. These facts the Graphic presents as arguments against long skirts.

Don't kill the toads, the ugly toads that hop around your door. Each meal the little toad doth eat a hundred bugs or more. He sits around with aspect meek until the fly has neared, then shoots he forth his little tongue like lightning double-gated. And then doth wink; and when he's wunk, he shuts his ugly mug, and patiently doth wait until there comes another bug.

An envious western editor says: "One can go to Kentucky and shoot somebody, anybody, from an upright Judge in a libel case, and there is no punishment for it; but he must be careful not to steal a horse; for if not lynched, he will be sent to the penitentiary."

Some one asked Gen. Abe Buford at the Louisville races why he left the Campbellite church and joined the Episcopalian, to which he replied that "he found the church he first joined had no pedigree."—[Lexington Gazette.]

One of our best citizens would say to the public that he has tried Hall's Catarrh Cure and it is all that is claimed for it. Price 75c per bottle, at Penny & McAllister's.

In Anger.

"If you should ever determine to do anything, while you are in a fit of anger, do not do it. To do it would be like going on board a ship during a storm, and you know how unwise that would be."

It is said of Julius Caesar, that, whenever anything would make him angry, he would repeat the whole Roman alphabet before he suffered himself to speak. That was a good rule. And the great Dr. Clarke, said "I am naturally as irritable as any, but when I find anger or passion, or any other evil temper arise in my mind, immediately I go to my Redeemer, and confessing my sins, I give myself to be managed by him."

That was a better rule than Caesar's.

A good many republicans in this county declare their intention to "re-nig" when it comes to voting for register of the land office. "Why, what is your objection to Bro. Asbury?" we asked one of the growlers. "He's a d—d nigger!" was the curt and almost profane reply. "But, isn't he also a good republican?" we persisted. "Don't care," he responded; "I won't vote for a nigger." And we meandered, no longer marveling that Amos Dean, the colored republican candidate for jailer, only received three votes in the county at the August election.—[Breckenridge News.]

People like to sing about reading their title clear to mansions in the skies, but they have no urgent desire to occupy those mansions and move out of an earthly home with a heavy mortgage on it. In nine cases out of ten they would prefer to have a clear title to a corner house on the avenue, and in the tenth case the man would rather live in a hired apartment here below than make any such radical change in housekeeping as is indicated by the song which he sings so rapturously.

The following rule for estimating the amount of hay in the stack will be found approximately correct. In stack, timothy, after ten days or two weeks' settling 600 cubic feet to the ton; clover 700, and prairie hay 550 feet. After thoroughly settling, about 600 cubic feet of timothy, 550 of clover and 450 of prairie hay. To get the cubic dimensions of a stack, multiply the average length, breadth and height together.—[Farmers' Home Journal.]

A lady wanted her little girl to bathe in a room the windows of which opened into the yard, in which were some fowls. "But," said the little girl, "I don't want to bathe before the chickens." "Oh, never mind the chickens," said the mother. "Well," said the little woman, "I won't bathe before the rooster, anyhow."—[Little Girls at Home.]

"That butter is all right," said a boarding house keeper, "it is firkin butter and tastes a little of the wood, that's all." "If that's the case," replied a boarder who is a contractor, "I should like to get some of that wood to make railroad bridges of."

If the ordinary attire of a lady at a fashionable ball is called "full dress," we want to hide behind the parlor door when she appears in semi-dress. That is to say we don't want exactly, but it would spare our blushes if we did.—[Drummer.]

The water at the holy well at Mecca has been found on analysis to contain 579 grains of solid matter to the gallon, and is seven times worse than the sewage of London. This explains the prevalence of cholera among pilgrims.

Col. J. B. Ludy, of Rockbridge county, Va., died Saturday from the effects of a wound received in the Confederate service at the second battle of Manassas.

The first colored woman to receive her diploma as a law student has just been graduated from the law school of the Howard University, in Washington.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

Mr. Denning's New Discovery for Piles is a radical change from the old remedies heretofore in use. The discovery is the result of years of patient scientific study and investigation into the character of this painful disease. To relieve you of its great misery, call on Penny & McAllister, Stanford, or W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon, and get a sample box free of charge.

There is no safety in allowing a cough, however slight, to continue. No one can tell the cough that may prove dangerous. Brown's Expectantant will eradicate any cough or cold ever contracted. Ask your druggist for this and take no other. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Stanford, and W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon.

Louis B. Watts, of Danville, Ind., ex-sheriff of Hendricks county, says he was given up by his family physician to die with consumption, but Brown's Expectantant cured him. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Stanford, and W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon.

WALL PAPER!

TRIMMED AND READY TO PUT ON,
—AT—
M'ROBERTS & STAGG'S
Druggists and Booksellers,
Opera House Block, - - - Stanford, Ky

H. C. RUPLEY,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Stanford, - - - Kentucky,

Groceries, Provisions, &c.,
AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
H. C. BRIGHT,
St. Asaph Block,
STANFORD, - - - KY.,
—Desires to call attention to the large and Comprehensive Stock of—
Groceries, Provisions, Confectioneries, Tobacco, Cigars, &c.,
Which he keeps always on hand. Makes a specialty of handling goods at Wholesale on Small Profits.
Goods delivered within town limits free of charge.

Livery, Sale & Feed
STABLE!
AND HARNESS SHOP.
Nice lot of Horses and Fine Turnouts. Rates reasonable.
100,000 POUNDS WOOL
Is wanted by me. I will pay the highest market price. I also deal in
COAL!
And can supply it in any quantity.
A. T. NUNNELLEY, Stanford, Ky.

A. OWSLEY & SON,
—DEALERS IN—
Hardware and Groceries, Glassware, Queensware,
Wooden and Willowware, Stoves, Grates and Tinware,
Full line of Pocket and Table Cutlery, Patent and Family Flour, Bames, Traces,
Salt, Lime, Cement, Field Seeds, Plows and Farming Implements. Call and see the genuine Hamilton Plow.
OPERA HOUSE BLOCK.

HEADQUARTERS
—AT—
W. H. HIGGINS'
—FOR—
Shelf Hardware, Iron, Spokes,
Horse Shoe Nails, Buggy Shafts,
Farming Implements,
Such as Oliver Plows, Melroe and Avery Double Shovel, and the Brinkley Turning and Single and Double Shovel and one-horse Harrow combined. No farmer should be without it.
Straw Cutters, Improved Hocking Valley Corn Shellers,
Evans' Corn Drills, Hand Corn Planters,
And the Best Pump in The Market, the Mayfield Elevator.
The unrivaled Jewel Range Cook Stoves, Step Stoves, Tinware, Bird Cages, Barbed and Annealed Wire,
Lime, Salt, Cement, Plaster Paris, &c. A general stock of Groceries, Wooden, China and Glassware.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

FOR GOVERNOR,
HON. J. PROCTOR KNOTT,
OF Marion.

FOR LIEUT. GOVERNOR,
CAPT. JAMES R. HINDMAN,
OF Adams.

FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL,
T. R. HARRIS,
OF Mercer.

FOR JUDGE,
FAVETTE HERRITT,
OF Madison.

FOR TREASURER,
JAMES W. TATE,
OF Franklin.

FOR COMMISSIONER OF LAND OFFICE,
JOHN G. CECIL,
OF Pike.

FOR SUPERINTENDENT PUBLIC INSTRUCTION,
JOS. DESHA PICKETT,
OF Fayette.

FOR STATE SENATE, SEVENTH DISTRICT,
MAJ. F. D. RIGNEY,
OF Casey.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE LINCOLN COUNTY,
JUDGE T. P. HILL, JR.

The *Bourbon News* man is a lone ingrate. When the *Blue Grass Clipper* spoke of his alleged wicisms as "grossly vulgar" we came to his defense and said that judging from the amount of appropriated matter in his paper, the "vulgar wicisms" might also be the work of the scissors and not that of the amiable Champ. But our effort in his behalf was not appreciated for he shoots off as follows in his last issue: "The only original and too-pure-for-earth editors in this State, are those of the *INTERIOR JOURNAL* and *Blue Grass Clipper*. Both ought to put on blue stockings and go to teaching Presbyterian Sunday schools, and give up the editorial business altogether." If we at least were to take this advice the *Bourbon News* would also have to go into retirement, for then where would it get its editorial and other matter, save its alleged wicisms from? No, no, brother Champ, we shall stay in the business, if for no other reason than a desire for your success.

The verdict of the jury in the Star Route trials, as in the Thompson case, took no one by surprise, save that it was more generally expected that a disagreement would result instead of an acquittal. The prosecution from beginning to end has been a monstrous sham and fraud, and a painful exhibition that guilty men can and do escape punishment for their crimes. The amount stolen by Dorsey, Brady & Co. and the cost of the two trials amount to over \$5,000,000. The special counsel for the government received \$125,979.48, one getting \$100 per day and the others \$50. They were men too, who might be termed briefless lawyers, and from all reports were not above taking a bribe to betray the government whose interest they were sworn and paid to protect. The whole trial was a farce of the most glaring character and another evidence that men of money or influence can not be convicted in this country either by the State or Federal governments.

There would be pay suckers are still after Col. Swope's place, their latest efforts being to demand an investigation of Goodloe's charges that the deputy Collector Wilmore was discharged because he favored his (G.'s) nomination for Governor. Col. Swope says the removal was for good and sufficient cause and his assertion is as good as Goodloe's or any other man's. The little fellows are losing time in trying to head off Col. Swope. He is not only better qualified than any of them but is backed by Grant, Evans & Co. and is therefore as solid as the rock of Gibraltar. We have a hundred dollars or so to wager that the Col. holds his position till a democratic administration removes him in 1895.

The report of Col. Morrow's speech to the *Courier-Journal* says he quoted copiously from the *INTERIOR JOURNAL* as to Gov. Blackburn's abuse of the pardoning power. That's right Col. you are welcome to any thing we have said in criticism of the official acts of such a governor. We have condemned them from honest motives and if in so doing we have furnished ammunition to the enemy so let it be. We are a democrat, born and bred, but when it becomes a sin in the eyes of that party for us to criticize any and every abuse of power by its officials, then we shall seek some other party affiliations.

It is said that Brewster is to retire from the Cabinet. If he don't resign Arthur owes it to the country to give him his walking papers immediately if not sooner. He is the worst fraud and humbug connected with the government at Washington.

The prohibitionists of Ohio, nominated a Schumaker for Governor. This makes three State tickets in the field with the democracy to bear from.

This New York Sun says "that reform is impossible so long as the republicans are allowed to remain in power. There can be no substantial improvement until the republican machine which has run the Government for twenty-two years, in war and in peace, shall be overthrown and cast out. To that supreme object every effort of patriotism ought to be directed. All other questions and all other issues are of no importance beside it. Candidates count for nothing compared with this one great need of the country. The man most sure to win the victory should be taken without regard to locality, provided only that he will make a fitting leader for a great political and moral revolution."

Out in New Mexico the other day a young woman made the ceremony of her expected marriage to proceed so far as "Will you take this man for your lawful husband" when she responded, "My God, I can't, I can't," and burst into sobs. No persuasion could alter her decision and the party broke up without seeing the consummation of the union they had gathered to celebrate. This would not have happened any where but in a country as short of a supply of women as New Mexico. There are three or four men to their one and a woman can afford to be choicer and independent. But they can't do so this side of the Mississippi, that is, not as any body has heard of.

This transparent sensation gotten up by the Cincinnati *Enquirer* and the alleged detective Alf. Burnett, was short lived. No one believed the story from the first and it has since been shown to be entirely baseless, gotten up entirely to save the necks of the foul fiends Neal and Craft by throwing doubts on the mind of our weak governor as to their guilt. The negro arrested for the crime asserts his innocence and can establish an alibi by unimpeachable witnesses. The Ashlanders should tar and feather that detective the first chance they get.

The way of transgressors is indeed hard. Thos. J. Braly the star router was no sooner acquitted of a crime he undoubtedly committed than he is indicted for selling a mail contract while he was Assistant P. M. Geucral. He got \$1,250 for awarding the contract to a man at three times the value of the service.

At a school exhibition in Meigs county, a row occurred in which one man was shot through the heart, the Marshal shot twice and a young lady and several others slightly wounded. This is teaching the young idea how to shoot, a little more literally than the term usually implies.

Thirteen murderers are awaiting trial at Llana, Texas. This is a fearful showing but it is refreshing to know that Kentucky is not the worst place in the world by one at least.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—Jas. W. Shehan, a well known newspaper man of Chicago, is dead.

—Both the Court of Appeals and the Superior Court have adjourned till September.

—The putting of letter carriers in knee breeches is the latest sensation in postoffice circles.

—Col. W. C. Goodloe has been elected Chairman of the republican Executive Committee.

—McClellan, Everingham & Co., Chicago land speculators, have failed for two millions of dollars.

—Ollie Brown, a young desperado, shot and killed Marshal Freeman at Versailles, Saturday night. He was jailed.

—Philadelphia is arranging for a scientific congress in August, 1894, at which many distinguished Europeans are expected.

—Dr. W. W. Barnes, of Louisville, who killed his brother-in-law, Clarence Boyd, a promising young artist, has been dismissed from custody.

—The United States District Court at Austin, Tex., decides the Civil Rights act unconstitutional as an infringement of State sovereignty.

—E. H. Rollins has been nominated by the republican legislature of New Hampshire, for U. S. Senator, which is equivalent to an election.

—Two colored men were hanged at Conway, S. C., Friday, for the murder of a white merchant for the purpose of robbing him. Both died protesting their innocence.

—Warner, a sailor, accused of assaulting and stabbing a eight-year-old girl at Sheboygan, Mich., was taken from jail and hanged by a mob. He asserted his innocence to the last.

—The old veterans of the war of 1812 held their annual and perhaps their last meeting at Paris yesterday. Not over a dozen now remain in the State. One of them, Dr. Graham, will be 100 years old this fall.

—The brute, Jordan Corbin, who killed Sen. Carden, at Rockford, Ala., and seriously wounded his wife and son, has been hung by a mob. A daughter of the murdered man who escaped to the woods will probably die from fright and exposure.

—It is now denied that Governor Hendricks, at the Indianapolis banquet, put ash into Senator McDonald's coffee, and that Senator McDonald filled Governor Hendricks' sherry glass from the vinegar cruet. In these days of universal meanness it is refreshing to know that there is no dispute as to what the governor of North Carolina said to the governor of South Carolina.—[Ciu. News.]

—At Boston, Sunday, a prostitute stabbed Bernard Mahan with a sharp pin, and at Chicago a jealous lover cut his sweetheart's throat with a razor.

—A Wheeling, W. Va., firm telegraphed to Neal and Craft if they could be engaged to lecture for a year, but other engagements prevented an affirmative answer.

—Glen. James Smith, of Glasgow, Scotland, is in Bowling Green, to erect a monument over the grave of Col. R. A. Smith, who fell on the Confederate side during the war.

—Wilson, Whitehead, Curtin and Dr. Gallagher, the dynamite prisoners, were sentenced at London Friday, to penal servitude for life. Anstulry and Bernard Gallagher were released.

—The President, against the earnest protest of J. Warren Keifer, late Speaker, has consolidated the Columbus and Chillicothe collection districts and appointed somebody else's man to be collector.

—Harnett and his five desperadoes are already inside of the penitentiary to remain the balance of their lives. They should have been hung long as they were not, their sentences are the next best thing.

—Cardy, home-racing and bad woman drove Charles McCallen, night ticket agent of the Short Line at Louisville, to desperation and he ended his troubles by blowing a hole through his head with a pistol ball.

—Judge Krums, a leading barrister of St. Louis, has been mysteriously missing for some time without apparent cause, turns out to be a defaulter to the sum of \$50,000. He must find the money or a ward to that amount.

—The Star-route jury has returned a verdict of not guilty. It was received with an outburst of joy from the relatives and friends of the defendants, and a large crowd who had gathered outside applauded the jurors as they passed out upon the street.

—A dreadful tragedy occurred at Mansfield, Ia., Saturday. Rev. Ben T. Jenkins, Jr., accused Rev. J. Lane Borden, President of Mansfield College, of seducing a certain young lady, and fired six shots at him. One took effect in his leg, one lodged in his heart and another entered his forehead between the eyes.

—A frightful calamity occurred at Sunderland, England, Saturday. Some 1,200 little children after a conjurer's exhibition was over began to crawl down the gallery when one stumbled and fell. His cry frightened the others and they rushed pell-mell down stairs. One hundred and seventy-eight were killed and hundreds of others fearfully maimed and bruised.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

"PRAISE THE LORD"

302 SHACKLEWELL LANE,
DALSTON, LONDON, E. May 25, '93.

Dear Interior:

Yesterday was "our baby's" birthday and she emerged into young ladyhood without accident or catastrophe. We all gave ourselves up to the joy of making her happy and had a most delightful day of it. We had promised her a carriage ride on Rotten Row, but on holding a family council, we unanimously concluded it would damage the "work" to be found "playing the swell" in that way and gave it up with alacrity. As the day was rainy and inviting we then decided on a river trip.

From Dalston Junction on the North London Railway, whence we take our departure to go in all directions, we looked for Blackwall, where the famous East and West India docks lie; 15 minutes run and we were there. We had a good look at these wondrous basins, where the commerce of the world lies moored and husseled. The *modus operandi* is simplicity itself. Hundreds of acres of basins separated by massive walls with suitable openings and convenient draw-bridges to let vessels thro' and all connected with the Thames by thirty river mouths at regular intervals along the river bank. When the tide is high, the whole series are flooded with water, which of course stands inside the docks at the same level as the high-tide outside. This is the time and the only time that ships can get in. When they are inside the mouths are closed and the water may fall as much as it likes in the river; the basins are full and ships all afloat in deep water inside. Of course they can only go out at high-tide. These docks are surrounded by great warehouses and these again by rail, cart and van connected with the great city pouring its ceaseless tide of products down to the docks, or taking away the ceaseless incoming produce of foreign parts—loading up to go on, or unloading what has come in—this all goes on with splendid system and very little friction day and night. We found when we went down the river that immense docks are being built 24 miles further down to supplement the insufficient accommodations of the prodigious structures already in use. Remember London grows at the rate of 95,000 souls increase yearly now, and this of course represents enlargement in every possible department. No one knows whereabouts all this will grow. A city of 4,700,000 is already beyond all imaginative power to grasp it. Its greatness eludes the touch, as thoughts of the distance of the fixed stars slip away from us in blankness and paralysis of brain. There is but one city on earth par excellence and that is London. Strange, old, homely London—built up of yellow brown bricks, mile after mile; nothing regular; all quadrangular and triangular and re-entrant irregularities beguiling description and defying reproduction elsewhere on the earth. Nothing seems laid out before hand; but, as if the city's growth ever came upon its builders with a wild surprise, so that they struck out vaguely and indefinitely, running anywhere to get out of its way, yet always running in irregular paths, scattering N. E. S. W. in lanes and alleys and crescents, courts, &c., just as the fathers of the race in the olden times from the rapid growth of their days, doing as best they could, only to get out of its mighty way as it marched on fulfilling its grand destiny. The only way to get about in it is to grasp the problem in "main strength and awkwardness" and go on getting lost and finding yourself again, until by repeated experiences you get ahead of it. A street that starts as Cornhill; runs a little way and becomes Chancery; then in a little

time is metamorphosed into Ludgate Hill; only needs to run a hundred yards further to become Fleet street and winds up as the Strand, without any conceivable reason. Is not a reassuring feature to a stranger anxious to get anywhere. No directions on lamp posts to aid the bewildered sojourner, as in our cities. The name is put up at the beginning of a street on the corner house, and happy are you if you ever see it again. As a general thing, the street changes its name so soon that there would not be much use in repeating it. Magnificent blocks of superb business houses, as in Chicago since the fire, you look for in London in vain. Miles upon miles of stately residences in brown stone as in New York, you nowhere see. Isolated magnificence, dotted here and there you can see. But beyond this the everlasting rows of brownish yellow bricks with no pretensions to any thing like elegance outside and not even the spotless red and white of the Quaker primness of the city of brotherly love. Yellow-brown and brown-yellow bricks and chimney pots by the acre, the mile, the million, till one wonders if the whole island be not built over in this dingily solid way. But let us get back to baby's birthday. There was a grand iron steamer just in from Cape Town, S. Africa, and slowly being warped in to her place in the dock. The passengers on the ship were signalling their friends on the dock and then talking across the borrowing space of water that separated them, while the great vessel slowly neared her moorings in a grand way, as if conscious that she had just come out of victorious in her last struggle with the wild waves of old ocean and would now rest awhile upon her laurels fairly won, weather-beaten but not worsted at all. That is the way I want to reach my harbor after life's voyage. This stately steamer was a sermon to us.

The docks inspected, we took the steamer that plies down the river, and had a charming sail to Woolrich. We had but a peep into the famous arsenal gates as we passed by them to the Railway Station, for no one can enter there without a permit from the war office, and that we had not.

Taking rail, we had a delightful ride down the right bank of the Thames—about 16 miles to Gravesend. This was in the county of Kent—the garden county of old England. We had thought that the country below London, on the river was an uninteresting stretch of marsh, but we found a landscape as beautiful as old Bourbon county, with aristocratic mansions, lovely villages, superb forests, picturesque churches and every variety of undulating surface—all clothed in spring's most attractive garb. Daisies and buttercups dotting the green pastures, cattle, horses and sheep at rest or play, or feeding. Every foot of ground with a fresh charm upon it and all the more beautiful for the surprise of it.

At Gravesend we dined on "whitebait," as a shilling ahead for the party. "Whitebait" is a favorite dainty of Londoners, and is a minnow, very diminutive, full grown at an inch and a half, very dainty in flavor, and almost melts in the mouth. It is eaten body and bones, head, tail, entrails (if any) and all. No questions asked nor answered. Very good, we all voted and hope to try them again sometime. The invariable "water-cress"—something in flavor like tongue grass—accompanies all meals at this time of year. We have quite a growing liking for it. The Britons deprecate it. We sat in the covered pier enjoying the stirring river scene, after this until our boat for London came up from a point will lower down towards the mouth of the river. From this pier we could see across the river old Tillybury Fort, where Queen Elizabeth reviewed her troops in anticipation of the coming Spanish Armada. A little higher up is the village of Purfleet, which is said to have received its name from an exclamation of the same Queen as she stood on the high hill overlooking the surrounding country, straining her eyes toward the incoming Armada and sighing "O my poor fleet!" We saw a church built of the stones of Old London Bridge. Who but Israel would have put these relics into that shape? At another village of Dartford, through which the railway passes, Wat Tyler lived in the "brave days of yore." The animated scene upon the river can not well be described, so varied were its beauties. We sailed back the 24 miles to the city, landing at Blackwall about 8:30; got home in comfort and safety, supped on crabs, bread and butter and tea, and then to bed happy and contented with the days jaunt.

We feel quite at a loss without a baby in the house, as George persists in being very dignified and reminds us at every turn that he is no longer an infant. This interesting young giantess ran against the gas chaudiere the morning she obtained social majority and almost knocked the thing down, in addition to raising a bump of experience on her own crown. She has given it a wide birth since.

Our dear friends Miss Morzeum and Miss Beach left for Liverpool at 10 this a. m. to embark on the "City of Rome"—Anchor Line—sailing this p. m. at 4. They are lovely, truthful women, a blessing wherever they go, believing in Jesus' power to keep his own from sinning and that his work for us embraces the body as well as the soul. It was a joy to be with them during their brief visit to the city, on route home. Miss Lindenberg remains in London for awhile, in loving service for the Master. She looks very well, her loving friends in Louisville will be glad to hear. Ever in Jesus. GEO. O. BARNES.

—The new postoffice at L. W. Burdett & Co.'s mill is in full running order. Its name is "Sylva." Who ever heard of such a name?

—Hurnside & Woodcock, who recently purchased of H. C. Hamilton, his butcher shop at this place, took possession last week. Mr. Hamilton was forced, by failing health in quit the business.

—Mr. Kindig, of Pennsylvania bought of Judge W. E. Walker, one bay gelding, price \$167; at Jan. Hamilton, a gelding, price \$135 and of Wm. Beasley three extra good geldings, price unknown.

—Mrs. Jack Grimes died at her home in this place on last Saturday evening, of a combination of diseases. She has been a great sufferer for several years. Her remains were interred in our Cemetery Sunday afternoon. The funeral services were conducted by Eld. Mr. Loeber.

—Mass Convention.—At a meeting held by the democratic committee for Harland county, on June 16th, 1893, it was ordered by said committee that a mass convention be held at the Court-house in Lancaster, Ky., June 25th, 1893, at half past 2 o'clock, for the purpose of selecting a candidate for representative of Harland county, and also to reorganize the committee. R. L. Tomlinson, Chm'n, Joe Robinson, Sec'y.

—The ordination of Rev. J. R. Jones, recently called to the pastorate of the Baptist church at this place, took place at the Baptist church on last Sunday. The Presbytery was composed of Rev. V. E. Kirtley, Moderator, Rev. R. R. Noel, Clerk, Rev. T. M. Vaughan, Rev. J. M. Bruce and Rev. W. T. Tyre. The ordination sermon was preached by Rev. T. M. Vaughan. The examination of the candidate was conducted by the Moderator. The ordination prayer by the Clerk. The charge to the church was delivered by Rev. J. M. Bruce and the Bible was presented by Rev. W. T. Tyre. The services were interesting throughout. The church was packed to overflowing. A good many of the friends and relatives of Mr. Jones from Stanford and vicinity were in attendance.

—Music of the self blinder can be heard in the barley fields now.

—It is rumored that there is one case of small-pox at Berea. The people here are kinder scared up, as it is only eight miles from this place.

—All of the dogs in the Lynchburg neighborhood are running mad. Perhaps some of your readers do not know where Lynchburg is. It is a city in the hills, about six miles from this place, and derives its name from Judge Lynch, an old gentleman well known to evil doers.

—We report a case of love at first sight, followed by a hasty wedding. Fell in love on Wednesday, popped the question Thursday, asked the old folks about it Sunday and will be married to-day (Tuesday) at 7 p. m. Mr. G. W. Kinnard, of this place, will lead to the hymenal altar this evening the beautiful and attractive daughter of Mr. A. M. Hyatt, of Crab Orchard. George is a long fellow, but he does business up on short order.

—A FATAL ACCIDENT.—Last week while Mr. G. W. Kinnard was papering the house of Mr. E. H. Ballard and was on top of a step ladder, a young lady entered the room, and she was so attractive that when George looked around he lost his balance—fell in love and was so terribly mangled that he, poor fellow, will never recover. He is a good boy and in this affliction has the sympathy of the entire community. The friends of attending Crab Orchard Springs this summer.

—The people of Kirkville are trying to get up a subscription to run a telephone line from that place here. That is a move in the right direction. It would be a great convenience to the commercial travelers, as they could then ascertain here if the merchants at Kirkville wished to buy any goods without making a long drive on an uncertainty. Mr. Joe Kennedy heads the list with \$25, and if a few others would be as liberal we could soon be in direct communication with our neighboring village.

LANCASTER ADVERTISEMENTS.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LANCASTER, KY.
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